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Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from page 298.]

From the point which is now reached in the life of Salieri, Mosel hurries on to the conclusion, epitomizing the rest into a very small space. I shall follow his example, not from a lack of matter, but because I cannot suppose others to feel my interest in the history, and because there must be somewhere a limit to an article prepared for a journal. From what has been already detailed, the reader must see that at this period, 1790, Salieri stood at the head of the living musical operatic composers of the world in the popular estimation. The greatness of Mozart's works was known to an "appreciative few," and those works were establishing themselves in their true position; but they were—the "*Entführung aus dem Serail*" excepted—on the whole, *caviar* to the generality, and the "*Magic Flute*," which was the magic wand to open the popular ear to his exquisite melodies and divine harmonies, was not yet composed. Salieri, therefore, stood before the world in 1790, as Rossini did in 1830,—the acknowledged greatest living composer for the stage.

The year 1790 began with a heavy blow both to Salieri and Mozart—Joseph II. died on the 20th of February. His successor was his brother, the narrow-minded, bigoted, despotic Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany. It takes long to mature, adopt, and put in force any great measure of state; but the repeal of a law, the return to the old way, the re-adoption of the old policy is the work of a moment. This Leopold proved anew. The measures and general polity, which Joseph, by many years of labor and perseverance, had but fairly introduced and which were intended to make Austria an enlightened and progressive state—which curbed the insolence of its greedy, immoral and debased priesthood, reducing in number and power its everywhere swarming legions of monks, which encouraged freedom of thought and speech, improved the schools, and was building up domestic industry in all directions,—these measures, this polity were annihilated by a stroke of the pen. The man seems to have adopted as his rule of action, the maxim that whatever had pleased Joseph must for that reason be detested by Leopold. This was as true in relation to the theatre and music, as to politics and public affairs. On the 13th of March he assumed the crown—on the 15th July a writer records: "The present king has not yet been in a theatre, has had no music at home, nor has given any sign of love for music." These facts, however, the writer supposes to be owing to the pressure of public business, and that "the golden age of music would begin a new epoch, after the giant mountains of state affairs had been reduced to sand hills." As Leo-

pold died March 1, 1792, there proved to be hardly time for the new musical epoch to open.

The accession of Leopold, however, does not seem to have had any immediate effect upon the position of Salieri, although of course, after the death of Joseph, the court theatres were closed for a time, and the Chapelmaster was for so long relieved of his duties in the orchestra.

His first work of this year, 1790, appears to have been the changes made in "*Tarare*" for the opera in Paris. Towards the end of the preceding year, this popular work had been neglected, the leading parts given to inferior actors and singers, and finally it was withdrawn altogether, to the great loss of the treasury, and the great wrath of Beaumarchais. By February, (1790), the directors began sensibly to feel the mistake, and a deputation from them waited upon the poet, and, after admitting that the receipts of the opera house had fallen below the necessary expenses, prayed him to bring the *Tarare* again upon the stage. They however desired that the piece should close with a magnificent spectacle, the Coronation of *Tarare*, promising to employ only singers and dancers of the very first class in it. Beaumarchais at last consented to make the necessary alterations; which consisted in the addition of the new finale, and a consequent shortening of the previous acts. Impatient to draw the pecuniary benefits of the revival, the directors applied to Le Moine and Gretry to compose the new music, and thus save them from the loss of time involved in sending for it to Vienna. Whatever may have been the motive, pride, modesty or delicacy for Salieri, the French composers refused the engagement, and Beaumarchais forced the committee to make formal application to his friend by letter. He sent a letter, with his texts to the "Coronation," and to certain other pieces which were to be introduced, in which he tells Salieri: "You will certainly find it [the "Coronation"] in importance adequate to the position [as a new finale to the very successful *Tarare*]. With the election of a beloved king by a liberated people, I have associated several of the grand questions with which the nation is just now busied."

These questions were, says Mosel, the marriage of ecclesiastics, the cancelling of marriages (which was brought into the piece, by the divorce of the two characters Calpigi and Spinette) and other such productions of that unhappy epoch. A letter from the Committee, of June 2, 1790, and another from Beaumarchais of the 6th, urged Salieri to hasten his work, and visit Paris to superintend its production, as well as bring out his new work "*Castor and Pollux*," a text, however, which he did not compose. Salieri was detained in Vienna, and sent his new music to the Committee. In the middle of August, Beaumarchais announced the extraordinary success of the opera in its new form.

"It was put upon the stage with astonishing pains," he says, "and enjoyed by the public as a sublime work of the musical art. You now rank,

with us, at the head of all composers! The treasury of the opera, which for a year past has received but 500 or 600 livres a night, made with *Tarare* 6540 livres at the first performance and 5400 at the second. The performers, who have this time carefully observed my maxim, to consider their singing as but a supplement to the action, have been for the first time ranked among the greatest actors of the stage, and the public cried: 'That is music! not a single fantastic note! Everything is aimed at the grand effect of the dramatic action.' What a pleasure for me, my friend, to see justice thus done you, and to hear you unanimously called the worthy successor of Gluck." In a later letter, he writes: "I repeat to you, that the French public feels the dramatic beauties of the music in *Tarare* more than ever. This is the only work that gives the Opera a profit."

Mosel is of opinion that Salieri's disgust at the principles advocated in the "Coronation of *Tarare*," was the reason why he did not go to Paris to bring it out,—a view which finds some confirmation in the fact that no copy of it was found, after the composer's death, among his music. But Salieri had other duties at this time. As chief kapellmeister, it devolved upon him to prepare and conduct the music at the various coronations of Leopold. One of the compositions composed expressly for these occasions was a grand *Te Deum*. The ceremony at Prague, where Leopold was crowned King of Bohemia, took place September 6; his election as Emperor of Germany followed on the 30th of the same month at Frankfort, a.m., and the coronation on the 6th of October; his coronation as King of Hungary, at Presburg, took place on the 15th November. In the list of Leopold's suite at Frankfort, as given in the *Kronungs-Diarium* [2 vols. folio] we read:—

K. K. Hofkapelle. (Imp. Roy. Court Chapel).
Herr Anton Salieri. I. R. Court Chapelmaster.
Herr Ignatz Umlauf, substitut.
15 Chamber musicians.

In 1791, Salieri petitioned to be relieved of the direction of the Italian Opera, with which, except during his absences in Paris and Italy, he had been charged now for four and twenty years. His prayer was granted, with the condition that he should still have charge of the sacred music in the palace chapel, and should deliver an opera annually to the stage. Joseph Weigl, a pupil of Salieri, took his place in the opera, being appointed to that place by Leopold, as he himself said, "to honor the master through his scholar." Mosel makes the resignation of Salieri a transaction creditable to Leopold's goodness of heart,—other authorities give quite a different view of the matter. Leopold's mind was thoroughly poisoned against the managers of the imperial theatre; moreover, he intended, instead of the German Opera, and the Italian Opera Buffa, to establish the Opera Seria and Ballet on a grand scale, and to put up a new house for them. Hence we read among the various remarks made by Leopold in

the conversation recorded by Da Ponte, which bear upon the first point, the following:

"Da Ponte. "Salieri, too—"

Leopold:—"It is unnecessary for you to speak of Salieri. I know him sufficiently. I know all his cabals, and those also of the Cavalieri, [a prima donna of the Opera Buffa]. He is an intolerable egotist, and would like to have nothing succeed in my theatre but his operas and his favorites; he is not only your enemy, but that of all the chapelmasters, all the singers, all the Italians, and especially mine, because he knows that I see through him. I will no longer have either his Germans or himself in my theatre."

The Berlin *Mus. Wochenblatt* records in October, 1791: "It is said that chapelmaster Salieri has resigned, and that Cimarosa has been called to his position."

"As to the intentions of the former, nothing is yet distinctly known; but it is believed that he will fix his residence in Paris, where he has already produced three operas, in consequence of which he receives a handsome pension. Some are of opinion that the cause of his dissatisfaction lies in the proposed plan of a new court theatre, in which the boxes are to be fitted up for card playing."

Again: "Vienna, October 20. Chapelmaster Salieri has retired, retaining his full salary, but will for the future furnish an operetta annually to the Italian stage." To which the Editor (Reichardt) remarks in a note: "We desire to have, from some competent Viennese, the particulars in relation to this piece of news. Why is so young and excellent a composer put upon the retired list? Has a special troop for the grand Court Opera been engaged? and is this company paid so much less than the Opera Buffa formerly was, one member of which, the songstress Storace, for instance, received 1000 ducats annually?"

But the changes made by Leopold were general. Count Rosenberg, the director, gave way way to Count Ugarte; Da Ponte, the poet, and the Ferraresi, prima donna, dismissed in disgrace, &c. At all events Salieri's forty-first birth-day, (19 August) saw him on the point of leaving that orchestra forever, in which he so long had labored. With his departure the orchestra began to lose its excellence. In less than ten years a writer in the *Leipzig Music Zeitung* (for June 10, 1801) could say, "When the worthy Salieri was chapelmaster of the Italian Opera, and Herr Scheidlein, if I mistake not, was director of the orchestra, the members were the same as now (a few excepted who may have left it), and yet the operas were executed so that the severest criticism could demand nothing more. The perfect time of all the instruments, and the precision with which all worked together were among the least of its excellencies. The voices were accompanied with extreme delicacy; every shade, to the very lightest, in the accompaniments brought out; the exact expression always hit. At that time this orchestra was indisputably one of the very first theatre orchestras in Germany, a fact admitted by every competent judge. But when Salieri had to give up his position to another, and Herr Conti became leader, the orchestra sank by degrees, until it fell to the point where it now stands. The fault must therefore lie not in its members, but rather in its leaders."

During this year (1791), when Mozart, discouraged and disheartened in his career as operatic

composer, sought the appointment of successor to Hofmann, as chapelmaster in St. Stephen's church, and gladly accepted the order of the buffoon Schikaneder to compose the "Magic Flute," and of the authorities at Prague to compose the "Titus," which two works he just lived to complete with young Süssmayr's aid, Salieri, though politely disgraced by his Emperor and set aside, was receiving orders for operas from various quarters. Beaumarchais and the directors of the Grand Opera still continued to urge him to come to Paris, and a new text, "*La Princesse de Baby-lone*," by Martin, was put into his hands. The turn which the Revolution took there, however, prevented the composer from accepting the invitation. Mazzola, the poet at Dresden, promised very soon to make such changes in his text, "*L'isola capricciosa*," as the composer desired, offered him again "*Il Poeta ridicolo*," and informed him that "*Azur*" had met with such a success in Dresden, "that every other opera, however beautiful, seemed weak when compared with this." Still another text was sent him from Padua, "*Alessio*," by Sografi, of which, however, nothing came.

At one o'clock in the night of Dec. 4-5, 1791, Mozart died. At 3 P.M. of the 6th, the funeral ceremony took place in the cross chapel, in the North transept of St. Stephen's church. Salieri was one of the few who were present, in spite of a terrible storm with rain and sleet. Whether he was one of those who went with the remains to the city gate, but there turned back appalled by the rage of the storm, sweeping across the broad open glacis, does not appear.

Seventeen years later (1808) appeared the second edition of Niemtschek's short biography of Mozart, in which (p. 81) the following anecdote is given:

"A still living, and not undistinguished composer in Vienna,"—Salieri is said to be meant, remarks Jahn—"said to another, when Mozart died, with much truth and justice: 'It is indeed sad, the loss of so great a genius; but well for us that he is dead. For had he lived longer, verily, the world would not have given us another bit of bread for our compositions!'"

Whether the anecdote be authentic, especially whether Salieri really is meant, certainly admits of doubt. But as years went on, and the Italian saw the works of his rival growing in the public estimation, until they were put by the whole musical world at the head of all operas, and their influence was felt in all schools of operatic composition; when he saw "*Don Juan*" and "*Figaro's Marriage*" everywhere on the stage, while his own works, which had so surpassed them in immediate success, had become partially forgotten, it is true a feeling of bitterness grew up in the heart of the old man, which in private circles, in his last years, found vent in words.

(To be continued.)

Shakespeare in his Relation to Music.

A Lecture delivered on the 23d April, 1864, in the "Berliner Tonkünstler-Verein."

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

[Continued from page 315.]

In his introduction to *Don Quixote*, the best thing, perhaps, that ever proceeded from his pen, Heinrich Heine says:

"Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe, constitute the poetical triumvirate who have achieved the greatest things in the three branches of poetic style: the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric. While ascribing the finest productions in drama, romance, and song,

to the above-mentioned great triumvirate, I am far from carping at the poetical value of other great poets. Not only the Ancients, but many of the Moderns likewise, have given us poems in which the flame of poetry blazes as brightly as in the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Goethe. Still these names are connected as if by some secret bond. A kindred spirit beams forth from out their creations; a gentle breeze of eternal mildness, like the breath of God, blows through them all; and the modesty of Nature blooms in them. Goethe constantly reminds one of Cervantes, just as of Shakespeare, and he resembles the former even in the details of his style; in that pleasing prose, which is tinged with the sweetest and most harmless irony."

A fresh similarity, not perceived even by Heine, is exhibited by Shakespeare, Goethe, and Cervantes, if we consider the internal music that resounds through all their writings. It must here strike us as highly significant that it is precisely in the three greatest poets the world has seen since the times of Antiquity that we find this predisposition so strongly developed. Is the near intellectual affinity of the two arts so closely related to each other displayed in all its grandeur only upon the highest summits of genius? Such would almost seem to be the case. Where is there a heart endowed with feeling that does not beat more loudly when the name of Schiller is mentioned? Nay, perhaps that name is the most brilliant one of which modern times can boast, if we leave out of consideration our three heroes. Yet it is astonishing how much the musically-poetical element is flung into the background in the case of Schiller, when compared to Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Notwithstanding the poem: "*Die Macht des Gesanges*" (The Power of Song), and the beautiful and spirited words spoken by the Muse of Music in the "*Huldigung der Künste*" (Homage to the Arts), Schiller wants the inward poetical music of which we have been speaking. His disposition, which, despite all his elevated sentiments, and all his enthusiasm for what is best and most divine, is really always of a reflective turn, does not allow him to hit so easily upon that musical tonefulness in the heart presupposing a certain degree of unconsciousness. In Goethe, on the contrary, from the fact of his being, probably, the greatest lyrical poet of any age, this musically poetical spirit is, as it were, innate. Songs like the song to the Moon: "Füllest wieder Busch und Thal still mit Nebelglanz;" or the one commencing: "Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll," possess not merely incomparable musical harmony, but, in the spirit and feeling from which they flowed, are genuine music of the soul, for which reason they inwardly affect us exactly as actual music would. A similarly predominating musical spirit runs through all Goethe writes; nay, we find it even in his prose. It would lead me too far were I to go into detail. But music and poetry; as far as he is concerned, celebrate the greatest triumph of their sisterly affinity in that Easter night, when the strain of the organ and singing of the choir, together with the song of the Angels: "Christ ist erstanden," snatch the poisoned goblet from the lips of Faust:

"O tönet fort, ihr süßen Himmelslieder;
Die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder."

At the outset, in consequence of his peculiarly epic nature, Cervantes does not appear, perhaps, to deserve, in an equal degree with Goethe, to be ranked next to Shakespeare as one of our most musical poets. But it is only the said epic element which at first deceives us, and conceals the musical feeling and sentiment beneath the surface. If we examine more closely, every doubt on this head vanishes. We will begin by reminding our readers of the innumerable songs, nearly always expressly adapted for music, scattered throughout *Don Quixote*, and twining, like continuous garlands of flowers around the pillars, niches, and arches of the wonderful fabric, half fanciful, half Moorish, of that incomparable poem. Let the reader call to mind the musical goatherd, Cardenio, pouring forth, in melodious tones, the complaints of his heart, in the solitude of the forest; the voice of Don Louis, suddenly re-echoing, at midnight, before the small inn, when its soft notes cause the eyes of his mistress, as she wakes

from sleep, to overflow with tears; the singing Knight of the Mirror; the incomparable serenades which Don Quixote and Altisidora give each other, etc. How much musical feeling, too, is there in such passages as the following, with the like of which we meet in countless numbers in *Don Quixote*: "Thus do we wander in the mountains, the woods, and the meads, singing, here, our songs of joy; there, our plaints of love, and drinking the liquid crystal of the springs and clear brooks. The oaks offer us, with liberal hand, their sweet and pleasing fruit, and the stumps of the cork-trees artless resting-places. The pastures afford us shade; the roses, perfume; the far-extending meadows, thousand colored carpets; and the air its pure breath; songs cheer us; lamentations bury us in gentle melancholy; Apollo furnishes the gift of poetry; and Amor, longing thoughts." What a thorough knowledge of music the beautiful Dorothea is proved to possess by the fact of her saying to her hearers in the Sierra Morena: "And if I had a few hours of leisure left, I entertained myself with some religious book, or diversified my amusement with the harp, being convinced by experience that music lulls the disordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected spirits." We must beg leave yet to cite one of the most psychologically significant and poetic traits from a thousand others. At the summer night's adventure, arranged, in the midst of the forest, by the Duke and the Duchess, for their guests, and which, in the whole manner of its realization, breathes, in the highest degree, a musical spirit, the subject is continued thus: "Soon no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and, in that persuasion, said to the Duchess: 'My lady Duchess, where there is music there can be no harm.'—'As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination,' answered the Duchess.—'And yet,' replied the Squire, 'we may easily be burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illuminations they produce; but music is always a sign of joy and feasting.'—'Time will show,' said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the next chapter." However touching the first remark of Sancho is, that last made by Don Quixote is the more interesting, and is so significant, because the music to which he alludes is a sign neither of merriment nor joy, but employed to announce the magic appearance of the enchanted Dulcinea. In a few words, Cervantes penetrates to the inmost core of music, and the initiated will require no further quotation to prove the great profundity of his musical knowledge.

But there is a poet who surpasses both Goethe and Cervantes in musically-poetic gifts. We refer to Shakespeare, who, in this respect, as in every other, was the greatest poet ever born. All the phases of feeling and all the facts in human existence or in the world of fancy, which music can in any way express or enhance, has Shakespeare uttered or endeavored to elevate by tune. We will first direct the reader's attention to the fact, rather unessential to our argument, maybe, but still worthy of remark, that most of the dramatic subjects he selected contained in themselves so much of the musical element as to have been changed, with striking frequency, into opera books. We possess *Othello* by Rossini; the *Capulets and Montagues* by Bellini; a *Midsummer Night's Dream* by Felix Mendelssohn; *Merry Wives of Windsor* by Nicolai; *Benedict and Beatrice* by Berlioz; *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* by Taubert; another version of the latter piece by Halévy; music to *Macbeth* by Chelard and Spohr; an arrangement of the *Winter's Tale*, written with the pen of genius by Franz Dingelstadt, and set to music by Flotow; and overtures to *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, etc., by Beethoven, Niels Gade, Berlioz, and others. In some of the above, the co-operation of music is facilitated in so remarkable a manner by Shakespeare himself that they have an almost operatic stamp. This is the case with *The Tempest*, the *Winter's Tale*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In nearly all Shakespeare's dramas, too, music is introduced in a more

general manner to a greater or less extent. Such is the case in *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VI.*, *Richard II.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the comedies. No less frequently in Shakespeare are music and its influence made the subject of reflection and discussion. But all this vanishes into nothing compared to the wonderful place which Shakespeare nearly always accords to this influence of music, as well as to the grave purport of what is said concerning it, while ordinary poets can speak of it in only a very traditional fashion.

(To be Continued.)

Robert Schumann in Leipsic and Clara Wieck.*

(Concluded from page 308.)

Clara Wieck was born in Leipsic, on the 13th September, 1819. With her fifth year she began to learn the piano, of which instrument she was destined to become a surprising mistress. The course of her instruction was based upon her father's judicious method, and in four years she had made such progress as to be able to take part for the first time at a concert in public. She did so on the 20th of October, 1828, at the concert given by a fair pianist from Prague, of the name of Perthaler, with whom she executed four-handed Variations by Kalkbrenner. Thanks to the great number of musicians who frequented her father's house, which had become the regular resort for all the musical celebrities of Leipsic, as well as for such as merely passed through it on their travels, Clara found opportunities for causing her talent, so happily developed, to be appreciated, and also for improving it. In this respect, according to the assurance given us by Wasielewsky, the lasting influence exerted upon her by Paganini's presence in Leipsic during the month of October, 1829, deserves most especial mention. Besides playing the piano, Clara attempted of her own accord composition. In her eleventh year she appeared before the world as a concert player. Her father accompanied her on her first short trip to Weimar, Cassel, &c. On their return, they prepared for a long flight, which carried them as far as Paris. Clara Wieck there appeared at a concert of her own, as well as frequently in private circles, and carried away with her that reputation which proved decisive for her prospects, and of which the influence was perceptible wherever she subsequently performed. After staying several weeks in the French capital, she returned, on account of the outbreak of the cholera, to Leipsic, and devoted herself with renewed zeal to her musical studies, which were no longer restricted to those of a technical nature, under the further guidance of her father, but embraced theoretical subjects likewise, the study of which she had previously begun under the *Cantor*, Herr Weinlig, and now continued and ended under Carl Gustav Kupsch and Heinrich Dorn. In order to render herself as universal as possible in her knowledge, she took lessons in violin-playing from Prinz, as well as, subsequently, in singing from Miksch of Dresden. Other professional trips, during which she was the first to make known Chopin's works in the cities of Germany, were undertaken by her in company with her father in the years 1836-1838, to Berlin, Breslau, Dresden, Hamburg, and Vienna, when she achieved the most extraordinary success by her wonderful performances. We may here state once for all, that, whenever she happened to be in Leipsic for a longer or shorter period, she played on various occasions at the Gewandhaus Concerts, and the Quartet Evenings. In January, 1839, she made a trip by herself to Nuremberg, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, and Paris, returning in the August of the same year to Germany. The following winter she played at concerts in various towns in North Germany, and always with equal success. In this manner did she conclude one portion of her brilliant artistic career, commenced so soon; she subsequently continued it by the side of Robert Schumann.

Ever since he had known Wieck's family, Schumann had always manifested sympathy and interest for the highly talented young girl who had at so early an age made such progress in her art. When she reached the threshold of womanhood, a love, which gradually filled his whole being, was added to the above sentiments. Schumann was long in doubt whether his love was returned by the object of it, and when at last he felt certain that it was, he could not obtain the consent of the young lady's father, who did not feel inclined to give a daughter who had

wound herself round his heart, to a son-in-law who had no fully assured and settled source of livelihood. A period of struggles and ordeals now commenced for the two young people; attempts to find an asylum in Vienna miscarried, but hope and belief in the future were not lost. At last Schumann had recourse to the law. The Court of Appeal at Leipsic dispensed with the paternal consent, otherwise necessary for a matrimonial contract; and on the 12th September, 1840, the marriage of Robert with Clara Wieck took place in the village of Schönefeld.

What Schumann had produced in the preceding summer, as well as what he produced in the ensuing winter, consisted principally of songs, melodies set to the gems of our German lyric poetry, the most beautiful pieces of Chamisso, Eichendorf, Rückert, J. Kerner, H. Heine, Geibel, and R. Reineck. The sudden leap to a region of art, into which he had previously scarcely set his foot, is explained by the influence of domestic circumstances on him. As Schumann himself expressly remarks, in a letter to Dorn, that Clara Wieck "was nearly the sole cause" of a number of works he composed for the piano between the age of thirty-five and forty, we may here, with a full conviction of being right, repeat Wasielewsky's assertion: "that it was she again who gave the decisive impulse which induced him to take up the lyrical style." The principal feature is a coy and sacred fever of the most blissful passion and love, which seizes on Schumann, as man and artist—both in one—in the domain of lyric poetry, often ecstatic and joyous, but still not without a painful trait now and then glimmering through, as a reflection of sorrow experienced, and of anxious doubt. This is certainly as little to be described in words as the essential principles of love are to be represented; but, in the songs of an amatory kind composed during the year 1840, the whole human heart is exhibited to the naked eye plunged into the profoundest emotion, and inflamed by the power of a noble passion."

There are no less than 138 various vocal pieces, of different length, some for one voice, and some for several voices, which were composed in 1840. We may, therefore, well call it "A Year of Songs." As we have already said, they were all conceived and committed to paper in Leipsic. What magnificent things they are, every one feels and knows. Schumann judged with perfect correctness of himself, when he wrote to August Kahlert, in Breslau: "I wish you would look more carefully at my compositions in the way of songs. You speak of my future; I do not dare to give more than I have given (especially in songs), and am contented."

The remaining years of the stay in Leipsic were filled up by a series of instrumental works, and works for grand orchestra. Thus it was at this period that Schumann wrote the Symphony in B flat major and that in D minor, as well as one of his most extensive works: *Das Paradies und die Peri*. The libretto, founded upon Moore's poem of *Lalla Rookh*, was written for him by his youthful friend and schoolfellow at Zwickau, Emil Flechsig. The work was performed for the first time in the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, under Schumann's own direction, on the 4th December, 1843, and repeated a week afterwards, amid the lively applause of the public. A particular charm was added to these performances by the co-operation of Mad. Livia Frege, formerly Mlle. Gerhard, who, despite her having withdrawn from a successful professional career, and retired into private life, sang "with the warmest devotion and enchanting grace" the part of the Peri, a part, to a certain extent, planned and written for her. The work was very soon heard of elsewhere than in Leipsic; it was repeatedly performed in most large cities, including even New York.

It was, however, nearly the last which Schumann produced in our town. In the year 1844, he set out, with his wife, on a professional trip, lasting several months, for Russia, (Petersburg, Moscow, etc.); at the end of June, on his return home, he gave up—as he had long intended—the editorship of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, from which he entirely withdrew. The paper, it is true, had, for some time, been becoming an object of greater and greater indifference, and he had lost more and more the desire, at first so lively in him, of fulfilling the functions of a journalist and a critic. He was able to retire from his literary exertions with the consciousness of having assured the reputation, merely forming in his time, of Franz Schubert, Mendelssohn, Heller, and Taubert, and, on the other side, of having helped to lay the foundation for that of Norbert Burgmüller, Chopin, Robert Franz, Niels W. Gade, Stephen Heller, and Adolph Henselt. Men, too, like Bennett, Berlioz, and Verhulst were introduced into the musical world partly by him.

In the Autumn of 1844, Schumann went to Dresden, but did not completely fix his residence there till the December of the same year, after having tak-

* From a new work entitled: *Zur Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Leipzig*, by Dr. Emil Kueschke. (F. Fleischer, Leipzig.)

en, with his wife, at a Musical *Matinée*, on the 8th December, a formal and public farewell at Leipzig. It was then universally said that the cause of this change of residence was a feeling on the part of Schumann, that he had been slighted, by not being selected to conduct the Gewandhaus Concerts. But whether there is any truth in this, and, if so, how much, Wasielewski leaves undecided.

We may pass rapidly over the last portion of the master's life. He and his wife remained at Dresden till 1850, when they went to settle in Düsseldorf, where Schumann had accepted the post of Municipal Musical Director, formerly held by Mendelssohn, Rietz, and Hiller. Here that mental malady, which had already given several indications of its dread approach, was destined to increase in intensity and end in suicide. It was on the 27th February, 1854, that Schumann, *en negligé*, and with nothing on his head, left his house very quietly, went to the Rheinbrücke, and endeavored to put an end to his existence by throwing himself into the stream. He was rescued, it is true, by some boatmen, but for what a wretched fate was he reserved! He spent two years with his mind hopelessly deranged, in the lunatic Asylum at Endenich, near Bonn, till on the 29th July, 1856, the Angel of Death laid his hand upon his weary brow.

Subsequently to 1844, Schumann and his wife were several times in Leipzig, though only for a very short period, as for instance in the Summer of 1850, when his opera of *Genoveva* was produced for the first time. We all know that since Mad. Schumann has become a widow, she has resumed her professional tours, and is one of the most complete and accomplished mistresses of the piano. Her permanent place of residence is no longer Düsseldorf, but Berlin.

History of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts.

As the Gewandhaus Concerts commence next month, a short sketch of the rise and progress of one of the oldest European concert institutions—one too which has exercised so great an influence on modern music—may not be without interest. The preparation of this sketch has been most facilitated by the recent appearance of Dr. Kneschke's *History of the Theatre and Music in Leipzig*.

The first Leipzig Concert Society of which we have any notice, originated among the students in the last decade of the 17th century, and was called the "Collegium Musicum." It devoted itself chiefly to vocal music. In 1702 Georg Philipp Telemann—one of the many distinguished men who in the course of four centuries, beginning with Urban in 1439, and ending at present with Hauptmann, have shed such lustre on the office of Cantor of the Thomas Church and School at Leipzig—established a second Concert Society of about forty members, all of whom were students. All the orchestral instruments of the time were represented, and many of the players attained so great a reputation that they were sought for to join various royal and princely orchestras—foreshadowings of the future Leipzig Conservatorium. Telemann stayed here but two years; after his departure Melchior Hoffmann, organist of the New Church, undertook the direction of the Collegium.

In 1736 we find more activity in the musical life of Leipzig. Mizler says—"The public concerts which are held here weekly are in permanent bloom. One of them is directed by the Kapellmeister Johann Sebastian Bach, and is held every Friday evening from eight to ten in Zimmermann's Coffee House, in Catherine-street; during the Fair it takes place twice a week. The other is conducted by J. G. Görner, music director at St. Paul's Church, and organist at St. Thomas'. It also meets once a week in Schellhafer's Saal (now the Hotel de Saxe) on Thursdays from nine to ten, and during the Fair on Mondays and Thursdays. The members consist for the most part of students, and there were always such good musicians among them, that in the course of time they frequently became celebrated *virtuosi*. Each member is permitted to play publicly in these concerts; the hearers are such as are competent to appreciate and judge the worth of an able artist." There can be no doubt that the increased energy with which music was then practised in Leipzig was in a great part due to the influence of Bach, who had been Cantor of the Thomas Church since 1723.

In 1738 Mizler founded a "Musical Society," the especial object of which was the cultivation of the theory of music. According to the statutes—"Mere practical musicians can find no place in this society, because they are not in a state to contribute anything to the promotion or improvement of music." It may have been because they thought Bach "a mere practical musician" that he was not admitted a member

till 1747. The statute requiring new members to send in a composition as a proof of their eligibility was not dispensed with even in his case; as his "admission piece" Bach gave them his elaborate choral "*Von Himmel hoch da komm' ich her*," and a six-part canon. Another rule was that each member should present his portrait to the society. Of these none have been preserved with the exception of Bach's, which now hangs in the music-room of the Thomas School.

None of these concert institutions seem to have had in them the elements of life; all died after a longer or shorter existence. But there was one which I have not yet named that had a longer life, and even to-day it shows no symptoms of old age. On the 11th March, 1743, the "Great Concert Society" was established. At first it consisted of but sixteen members, of noble as well as of burgher rank. Each had to pay twenty thalers a year. At the commencement, the meetings were held in a house in the Grimmer-strasse, belonging to Bergrath Schwaben; but so popular were the concerts, that after the first month the room was too small, and they had to be removed to another locality. The first music-director was J. F. Döles, at that time one of Bach's pupils. He held his office but a year, as he then removed to Freiberg; but he staved long enough to glorify the anniversary of the Great Concerts by the composition of a cantata "with trumpets and drums." Upon the death of Harter, in 1755, who was Bach's immediate successor, Emanuel Bach and Döles were candidates for the cantorship. Döles, although inferior to his opponent, was elected; the "Porpora-Hasse" style, which he had adopted, being then most popular. Döles' influence was most felt in the Thomas Church, to the training of the choir of which he devoted all his energies; for it he also composed much music, some of which is still sung. He must have been a lovable man; in his later days he was universally called "Father Döles;" endless were the greetings he received when, in his red velvet cloak, he daily appeared upon the promenade. In his house Mozart was a frequent and happy visitor; and he it was who first made Mozart acquainted with the treasures of Bach's genius.

The troubles of the Seven Years' War had caused the temporary suspension of the great concerts. After the peace of 1763, they were recommended under the direction of Johann Adam Hiller, who in 1789, became Cantor of the Thomas Church after Döles had retired upon his pension. The concerts were held in the Three Swans' Tavern, in the Brühl, in a room which was entered by a long narrow passage. On one side was the platform for the orchestra; on the other, a gallery for those who came "in boots and with unpowdered heads." The orchestra consisted of sixteen violins, three violas, two violoncellos, two contrabasses, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, a lute, and a piano. Trumpets, drums, and English horns were supplied when required, by the town orchestra. Many of the members acquired fame as solo players. The names of the singers who were engaged for several seasons are enough to make the ears of the present generation of Gewandhaus concert visitors tingle with envy. Among them were Corona Schröter, who inspired Goethe, then a student in Leipzig, with the most enthusiastic admiration, if not with a tenderer feeling; and Gertrude Schmalzing, who is better remembered as Madame Mara. Each concert was divided into two parts, with a pause for refreshment. The first part generally consisted of a symphony, an aria, a concerto for some instrument, a "divertissement" for several instruments, and a quartet, ensemble, or chorus from an opera; the second part, of a symphony, an aria, and a "partie" for the whole orchestra. The management was in the hands of a committee of nine of the most respectable citizens, three of whom were selected from the German merchants, two from the French, and one from the Italian. Herr Reichart, a critic of the time, speaks of the performances as showing a want of sufficient rehearsals. The symphonies which were often played, went tolerably, but new music, and especially the accompaniments to the concertos and arias, were played carelessly; the "Herren Virtuosi" being too conceited to take sufficient pains. The audience too comes in for a rap: "Full of gallant company, who are perhaps a little more powdered, sit a little stiffer, dispute about the music a little more impudently than is the case in other concerts, but have the beautiful gift of chattering and making a noise in common with all other concert company. It is true, indeed, that a merchant, who has the superintendence of the concert, stands upon guard, and when anyone speaks quite too loud, taps with a great key upon the piano, which he at the same time puts out of tune, and commands silence; which command, however, is not obeyed. But this heroic conduct he confines to the gentlemen alone; with the ladies he makes use of the

politeness he had learnt in Paris; he joins them—and increases the discourse."

We now come to an important era in the Leipzig Concerts. Through the influence of the public-spirited Bürgermeister Müller, whose name should be kept in grateful remembrance by all who enjoy the beautiful promenade, a concert-room was built in the Gewandhaus (Cloth Hall), and there, on the 25th November, 1781, the first Gewandhaus concert took place. Hiller continued to officiate as Kapellmeister; Häser was the first Concertmeister; and Schicht, who subsequently was Hiller's successor both in the Thomas Church and Gewandhaus, and attained great fame as a church composer, presided at the piano. The sisters Vodelska, in whom, when wandering singers, Hiller had detected the materials of future greatness, and to whose education he devoted the greatest pains, appeared as singers. Their gratitude to their master is attested by a monument which now stands on the promenade, opposite the Thomas School.

Schicht was Kapellmeister from 1785 to 1810. It was under his direction that the public became acquainted with the first three symphonies of Beethoven, and with his Pastoral Symphony. Whether any of the others were also then produced cannot now be ascertained, for the old programmes do not give the keys. Dubiously did many critics shake their heads at the audacity of the revolutionist. A practised musician like Naumann considered that even Mozart had exceeded all bounds in the progressions and modulations he had introduced. But in spite of the critics the new composer made his way.

From 1810 to 1827, J. P. C. Schulz, and from 1827 to 1835 C. A. Pohlitz, directed the concerts. Häser's successors as concertmasters were Campagnoli from 1797 to 1817, and Matthai from 1817 to 1836; the latter has the merit of having established the Gewandhaus Quartet Concerts. During the whole of this period there was only one interruption to the regular course of the concerts. The sanguinary days of October, 1813, turned the concert-room, and almost all the public buildings, churches, etc., into hospitals. But by the end of the year music again sounded in the rooms which had echoed with the moans of the wounded and with the ravings of the fever-stricken. Many an interesting bit of musical history might be picked out of the early programmes of the Gewandhaus Concerts, but space compels me to close. In my next I hope to continue the history of the Gewandhaus from its Golden Age under Mendelssohn to the present time.

Music Abroad.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (Concluded).

Of the original Cantata, by young Arthur Sullivan (whom we had the pleasure of knowing but three years since as a student at the Leipzig Conservatoire), and of the last day's work of the Festival, we read briefly in the *Orchestra*:

Mr. Sullivan's cantata, "*Kenilworth*," on Thursday evening, had the largest audience assembled at any of the Miscellaneous Concerts. The author of the libretto, Mr. Chorley, thus introduces his work: "Once having chosen '*The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*,' prepared in summer of 1575 for Queen Elizabeth, by the Earl of Leicester, as subject for an English cantata, nothing was required save to make rhymes fit for music—so rich in contrast were the pleasures offered to the Queen."

"A temporary bridge, seventy feet in length," says Miss Aikin in her careful biography, "was thrown across the valley to the great gate of the castle. . . . The Lady of the Lake, invisible since the disappearance of the renowned Prince Arthur, approached on a floating island along the moat to recite adulatory verses. Arion, being summoned for like purpose, appeared on a dolphin four-and-twenty feet long, which carried in its belly a whole orchestra. A Sybil, a Salvage Man, and an Echo, posted in the park, all harangued in the same strain. Music and dancing enlivened the Sunday evening, and a play was performed," &c.

"My fancy was directed to this Kenilworth pageant, not merely from its local interest to those interesting themselves in our great Midland Festival, but because I have long known, almost by heart, Scott's wondrously musical, but as wondrously simple description of the arrival of England's maiden Queen at her subject's palace, on a 'summer night.' And I name Scott expressly, seeing that I have to plead his great example for an anachronism which will be found here. When such a master of history, of passion, of poetry, and of romance, as he, allowed himself to introduce in his novel allusions to '*Troilus and Cressida*,' and '*A Midsummer Night's*

Dream, as so many court (if not household) words, familiar to Raleigh and to Sidney, ere the Queen made her progress into Warwickshire (at which time Shakespeare was but a boy), I hope I may be forgiven for representing the play 'set before the Queen' by the exquisite 'summer night' scene from the *'Merchant of Venice.'*

The Shakespeare scene has been most deliciously set by Mr. Sullivan, who has here introduced some beautifully contrasted instrumentation. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Cummings particularly distinguished themselves in the duet; and Miss Palmer sang the music allotted to her with her usual grace and feeling. We must not omit to mention Mr. Santley's spirited execution of the song, "I am a ruler of the sea," which, from its striking melody, is sure to become popular. At the conclusion of the cantata, Mr. Sullivan was loudly applauded, and had to return to the platform to receive the approving acclamations of the audience.

The performance on Friday morning of Beethoven's *"Mount of Olives,"* was the most splendid it has ever been our fortune to hear of that wonderfully dramatic work. Mlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley threw their whole energies into the interpretation of the music allotted them, and the chorus, with one or two trifling exceptions, showed by their precision and delicacy the effects of the training they had received. The final Hallelujah was marvellously rendered, though its effect was marred in some measure through Lord Lichfield's encoring it. Mr. Bartholomew has displayed some skill in the libretto of the *"Mount of Olives,"* which is very far before his *"Naaman."* Those passages which are in the German supposed to be spoken by the Second Person of the Trinity are given by Mr. Bartholomew to John, in order not to offend the religious susceptibilities of an English audience. (!)

Mozart's hackneyed Twelfth Mass followed, and was creditably executed. Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Cummings and Santley took the solos. A selection from Handel's *"Solomon,"* with Madame Sainon-Dolby, who was encored by Lord Lichfield in "What though I trace," brought the morning's lengthy performance to an end, to the relief of many who found it possible to tire of even such music and so executed.

The evening's performance of *"Elijah"* brought the Festival to a close. Eight years ago this work was first given to the world at the then Birmingham Festival; and certainly Mendelssohn's great work has not lost any of its interest through the production of *"Naaman."* The general execution of *"Elijah"* left nothing to be desired, principals and chorus all exerting themselves to the utmost; and the audience separated, greatly delighted with their last hearing of the celebrated artists assembled for the Birmingham Festival of 1864.

A NEW SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

CARLSRUHE. The festival of the *Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein* (Universal German Musical Union), which has before been held once in Leipzig and once in Weimar, occurred this summer, near the end of August, in this "most deadly-lively of German residences," without flags or garlands or any general show of festivity in the streets. It was a demonstration of the disciples of Liszt and Wagner, and the musical "new lights" generally.

Judging from the programme, from the peculiar heroes and their followers assembled, from the description of each day's performances which we find furnished by a correspondent of the *London Orchestra*, it was altogether a curious affair,—more curious, we fear, than edifying. In chronicling the musical condition of the world we must not overlook this singular phenomenon; and therefore we will copy largely from the correspondence just alluded to, only suggesting that it be borne in mind that the comments are from an *English* point of view, which is always strongly prejudiced against new things, and which still absurdly persists in mixing up Schumann in the same category with the Wagnerites.

... Was it bitter irony, or was it want of self-knowledge, that caused Gluck's *"Armida"* to be fixed upon to open the festival? The beautiful clearness and the grand simplicity of this opera are in strange contrast with the creation of the New School. Although hardly to be reckoned among the greatest of Gluck's operas, *"Armida"* has many numbers which show the master in all his strength and grace. Where is anything more graceful, more charming, than the music of the second act; more

intensely dramatic than the great scene with the *Spirit of Hate*; more touching than *Armida's* conflict with herself when trying to steel herself to kill *Rinaldo*? Some of the most striking numbers were cut out. But I have not space to enter into such details. Suffice it to say, that the opera was on the whole respectably given; but a thoroughly satisfactory rendering of Gluck's operas demands singers who can act, and actors who have been taught singing on better principles than are now to be acquired in German schools. The first orchestral concert, which, as all the other performances, was held in the Grand-Ducal Theatre, was opened by a "Festival March," by Herr Ed. Lassen, of Weimar. The work is insignificant, and entirely devoid of any festal character; even here the innate dreariness of the school made itself felt. A prologue, written by Dr. Eckardt, and spoken by Frau Johanna Lange, came next. It endeavored to identify the direction of the New School with the German patriotic movement. It admitted that the works of the sect were not written to satisfy the taste of the day, but looked forward to a future when freedom would be established; and art, represented by the New School, would be purified of all trivialities, and take her fitting place in the State. Allusions to the titles of several of the compositions which were to be performed were ingeniously brought in, and the whole ended with a string of the most fulsome compliments to Dr. Liszt, who was characterized as the great prophet of the sect. The following is the programme of the concert:—Overture to Byron's poem, "Tasso's Klage," by Heinrich Strauss, of Carlsruhe; concerto for violoncello, by R. Volkmann; "Columbus," symphony, 3rd and 4th movements, by Herr J. A. Abert, of Stuttgart; overture to Puschkin's drama; "Boris Godunow," by Herr Youry von Arnold, of St. Petersburg; Joachim's "Hungarian" concerto for the violin; "Des Sängers Fluch," ballade for orchestra (after Uhland's poem) by Herr Hans von Bülow, of Berlin; Psalm XIII, for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra, by Dr. F. Liszt.

Herr Strauss's overture is too vague and obscure to leave any distinct impressions. Herr Popper, of the Hohenzollern-Hechingen Orchestra, at Löwenburg, played Volkmann's concerto. He has made most decided progress as a violoncellist since I heard him last winter in Leipzig. If he goes on thus, he will soon rank among the masters of his instrument. In addition to great technical acquirements he has real musical feeling. As a musical composition, the concerto has some good thoughts, though not altogether original; but the greatest fault is the dreary tone which prevails throughout. The two movements from Herr Abert's symphony were the most respectable music of the evening. Whether if the other movements had been given, the purport of the title of "Columbus" would have been clearer, I cannot say; at present I certainly do not see its appropriateness. The third movement, an andante, sounds well throughout, and although possessing no decided originality, is so well made that it can be listened to with pleasure; a little more contrast, however, would have relieved its somewhat too great length. The last movement begins with more life, and is worked up to a really exciting close; but between the beginning and end there is an episode of strange sounds—the significance of which (unless it be to depict the roarings and howlings of wild beasts) is by no means clear. But with all drawbacks, the fragment was so enjoyable that I should be glad to hear the whole work. Herr von Arnold's overture is terribly dreary; it is so fragmentary that no clear idea of its purport can be attained; the instrumentation seems very unskillful. Joachim's interesting "Hungarian" concerto, the noble themes of which grow upon one more and more, can never be heard to perfection unless it be played by its composer. Herr Remenyi showed little respect either to his countryman or to his audience in the way in which he had prepared himself. The slow movement, indeed, was in some parts excellently given, but with this exception, by persistent falsity of intonation, and by slovenly execution of the passages, the player did his best to spoil the effect of the composition. And yet the applause which greeted him at the end, and the repeated recalls could not have been more enthusiastic had the playing been perfection! Such indiscriminate makes applause of no value. The orchestral accompaniment was very satisfactory. Herr von Bülow's ballade was the most ferociously ugly work of the programme: it really defies any attempt at description, unless one may say that it is incoherent cursing and swearing translated into orchestral sounds. Being so very ugly it was of course received with unbounded applause. Liszt's Psalm offered some compensation for the sufferings of the evening. As a whole it is deficient in melody, and the commencement especially is vague; but nowhere is the tone vulgar or commonplace. The final chorus, however, in which

there is an excellent fugue, made amends for all; its construction is really masterly. The difficulties of the Psalm, especially the voice parts, are very great. That it was so well performed is a proof that the members of the chorus had worked hard in its preparation.

The first concert for Chamber Music was held on Wednesday evening, and consisted of the following compositions:—Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (a flat minor) by R. Volkmann—the Herren Rötcher, of Berlin, Remenyi, and Popper; Two Lieder (*Kuss der Nacht* and *Frühlingsfeier*) by Herr W. Fritze, of Bremen; sonata for pianoforte, by Franz Liszt—Fräulein Alide Topp, of Stralsund; Russian Ballade, by Herr Youry von Arnold; Sonate for pianoforte and violin, by Franz Bendel, of Berlin—(the Herren Bendel and Remenyi); "Mephistowalzer," episode from Lenan's *"Faust,"* composed and arranged for the piano, by F. Liszt—Fräulein Alide Topp. A more wearying trio than Volkmann's I have seldom heard. If anything like an intelligible phrase appears for a moment, it is immediately drowned in a sea of dreary disharmony. Even the scherzo was dull. Gloom and despair can be as vulgar as the veriest barrel-organ tune, and are quite as offensive as the most trivial sing-song ballad. Herr Rötcher, who took the piano part, is at present too much of the beginner to allow any opinion of his abilities to be formed. Herr Remenyi was as perseveringly out of tune as ever. Herr Popper was the only one who showed himself a real artist; his ensemble is as masterly and expressive as his solo playing. In the desert a sip even of rapid water is refreshing. Hence Herr Fritze's songs, although not possessing the remotest approach to a recognizable tune—that *sine qua non* of song-writing—were not altogether unwelcome. Dr. Liszt's sonata is a strange composition. It may have a meaning, but to me it was as ravings in an unknown tongue. As for any discoverable connected construction, it was more like the cross readings of a newspaper page. How such a farrago could be committed to memory is little short of marvellous; the technical difficulties, too, are enormous; and yet Fräulein Alide Topp, a very young lady, played it by heart in a style that defies description. Should this lady fail of attaining the highest position in her subsequent career, it can only be from her taste becoming vitiated by the unhealthy atmosphere in which she has been educated. Possessing a thorough command of all the technicalities of the key-board she does her master, Herr von Bülow, the highest honor. Difficulty is a word which has no more significance for her; but if she persist in making her repertoire of works such as this sonata, no one will wish to hear her again. At present she has time to improve her taste, and from what I hear I have no doubt she can play other music equally well. More distracted even than the sonata is the "Mephistowalzer," and as marvellous was Fräulein Topp's performance of it. Herr von Arnold's Russian ballade would be better described as a melodramatic scene with pianoforte accompaniment. In itself formless and void of the least musical character, it was made interesting by Frau Hauser's excellent declamation. Herr Bendel's sonata was exceedingly uninteresting.

The following (Thursday) evening was to have been devoted to the second orchestral concert, but in the morning bills were issued stating that in consequence of the sickness of several members of the orchestra the concert must be postponed till the next evening; the truth being, as I understand, that there had been a regular strike of the orchestra in consequence of some of the works which had been placed in the programme being so insufferably bad and impracticable that they could not be performed. The gentlemen who had to play the wind instruments declared that their lips were reduced to such a state that it was impossible for them to go through a second rehearsal and concert without another day's rest. Considering that the members of the Grand Ducal Opera Orchestra had never been invited to co-operate, but had to give their services at *allerhöchst* command, their sufferings deserve much sympathy.

The rest next time.

"HONORING A SWAN."

PESARO. While the disciples of the newness, the musicians of "The Future," were in council, trying to be in concert, as above,—or a few days before, Aug. 21,—there was another sort of festival in honor of a cheerful hero of the Past—one who still lives, thank Heaven!—the tribute of Italy to her greatest musical genius, ROSSINI, called, from his birth-place, the "Swan of Pesaro." We are again indebted to the correspondence of the *Orchestra*:

Thirty thousand strangers, among whom many noble names could be counted, swarm about Pesaro this bright and cloudless morning, waiting for the noon. At noon the fete commences. It is the hall of the prefecture, where there is an effigy of Rossini, in statue form. Florence the beautiful—"bella Firenze"—in the mouth of all Italians who musically utter her name—comes to offer her tribute to the occasion in the shape of a gold medallion presented to the Maestro's statue, and the hand that brings it is that of the venerable Count Perticari. The prefecture is full: musicians, poets, magistrates, councillors, members of institutes, members of the press, representatives from other Italian towns, and an eager listening crowd. Presently the mass shapes itself; the worthy concourse on the platform divides; and at its head, and standing next the Prefect himself, having on his right and left the Syndic of Pesaro and the Syndic of Bologna, stands a figure. Up goes a shout—a hearty, surprising, gratified shout. "Viva il re! Viva!" It is Ubaldo Peruzzi, Minister of the Interior, sent from the Court of Turin to represent the Italian government at Rossini's fete.

He gets very prosy presently, the noble Signor PERUZZI, but the idea of the Minister of the Interior's presence just now is very popular. It is as though Sir GEORGE GREY had gone down to Stratford the day when England strove to honor her Swan and failed. When Florence the fair, by her deputy Count PERTICARI in a trembling voice, has presented the medallion, and the Syndic of Pesaro has replied, and when Signor REGOLI, editor of *Il Pirata* (desperately suggestive name of a journal that crabs its intelligence!), has made an awfully long and tedious "eulogy" on ROSSINI, and when the Minister of the Interior has had his say, the first ceremony is over, and the crowd troop off to the railway station. Here is an actual statue—not the statuesque effigy honored of Firenze, but a heavy, solid thing. It is to be uncovered at three precisely; and, thanks to the editor of the *Pirata* and the prosy Minister—it wants but little to three now. There is a large pavilion for the uncovering business, and six hundred and fifty executants—singers and instrumentalists—are in the pavilion to perform a Rossinian programme apropos of the occasion. The "*Gazza Ladra*" overture strikes up, and the effect from the mass is indescribable. Then comes the Minister of the Interior and removes the veil which covered the statue. Again they shout—"Viva, viva!" and forth bursts from the immense orchestra the *Inno a Rossini*. This hymn is a curious pot-pourri of Rossini's airs—melodies selected from every opera and every theme he wrote, and set by MERCADANTE, the good old blind musician, to MERCANTINI's words. The effect is overwhelming; sixty first fiddles alone, and the remaining orchestra in keeping, move and play like a single man. The universal demand for an encore brings one, and the whole hymn again played through produces no less a sensation the second time. Then a speech from the representative of Roman Railways (though what Roman Railways have to do with Rossini, Pesaro only knows); and then the overture to "*Semiramide*." This too is encored by a general cry. The conductor turns, bows, smiles, and directs the orchestra to repeat the overture from the *andante*. "No, no, no, no; all, all, no, no, no!" The vivacious Italian crowd negatives the abbreviation with twenty thousand waving arms and heads; and the overture is *bis* from the beginning.

It is nearly evening by this time, and time to prepare, but the Marquis PEROLI, syndic of Bologna, stays the people by coming forward. He holds in his hand a despatch from his own city, and he tells them that Bologna is so proud of the Swan of Pesaro, who was educated there, that the municipality has that day changed the name of the Piazza SAN GIACOMO to the Piazza ROSSINI, and that a marble slab on the door of the Lyceum of Musique tells the fact thus:

Here entered as pupil, and hence departed as prince of the musical sciences, Gioacchino Rossini; and Bologna in eternal token of honor has given his name to this place and has fixed this stone 21 August 1864.

In the evening Pesaro bursts with light; on the great square tri-colored obelisks, everywhere else lampadaries, lampions, mottoes, banners, padelle, and fireworks. The streets are a perfect block. The great square is taken up by the national guard of Bologna, directed by ANTONELLI—not the Cardinal however. A concert at nine o'clock draws off a portion of the crowd, who simply block up the theatre and have to be stowed about the stage. The concert is Rossinian of course—Rossini's music and a cantata in his honor written by Mercantini, and composed by Pacini, his friend and confrère. It is a very poor production, but what of that reck the happy audience? They shout their applause, for Rossini is in their thoughts, and whatever fêtes him pleases them.

There is not much more. By midnight Pesaro is dark and disposed to rest; by next morning the 20,000 visitors are flying away to their own homes out of the red roofs and from the tri-colored obelisks. The little town is now quiet and dull, and order claims its own; but Pesaro is glad to have contributed something towards the fame of one man, who has made Pesaro famous for ever.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 15, 1864.

German Opera.

The return of Mr. GROVER's admirable company is now the absorbing theme of musical interest in Boston, and has filled the Boston Theatre with very large and brilliant audiences every night this week. The charm and the success are pretty sure to go on greatening for three weeks longer; for the season is to be one of twenty nights, besides Saturday Matinées, and, besides the operas of this week, there is public promise of *Fidelio*, *La Dame Blanche*, the *Huguenots*, *Tannhäuser*, and Gounod's *Mireille*—the last two for the first time here—while we have also private assurance of Mozart's *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Figaro*, and possibly *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.

Truly a most tempting programme! Particularly when we know that Mr. Grover brings a company fully adequate, in numbers, talent and appointments, for its complete artistic execution. When they were here before, and took us by surprise, they soon convinced us that they constituted on the whole, considering both solo talent and those important accessories of which the Italians here have never made enough account, and which are indispensable to the true effect of any opera as a whole—about the strongest lyrical troupe that ever came among us. It is now all that it was and more. FORMES, still essentially the king of basses, has been added to it. Another charming soprano, Mme. JOHANNA ROTTER, reinforces Frederici and Johannsen. An Italian tenor, Sig. TAMARO, might (as we heard it hinted) have been spared till to-morrow, seeing that we are rich enough to-day in Habelmann and Himmer. A new first baritone, Herr ISADOR LEHMANN, from the Berlin Royal Opera, is yet to make his debut, and a baritone was the voice most needed. We have several new second ladies and *soubrettes*. Then the chorus is enlarged to nearly forty voices, the like of which in freshness, sweetness, power and purity of ensemble we have not had upon our stage before. And the orchestra, although not to be named with those of the great theatres in Germany, where you hear seventy and even ninety instruments, is the largest and the best which the Boston Theatre has ever known. CARL ANSCHUTZ, too, is still the capital conductor.

With this rare show of means and purposes with character established here last Spring, and fashionably endorsed so lately in New York, the German Opera entered upon a new series of triumphs here last Monday evening in *Martha*, followed on successive evenings by *Faust*, *Robert le Diable*, *Der Freyschütz*, *La Juive*, and *Faust* again for this afternoon. And here, before particularizing on each performance, we ask indulgence for a few general remarks, more by way of

wholesome precaution, and for the sake of seasonably lending what little force we can to that right direction in Art, which, however bravely begun in this or any other enterprise, is always endangered by opposing currents in this country, than from any spirit of fault-finding. Our idea of the right direction is no narrow one; with us it simply means that Art be pursued primarily as Art, and that "business," popularity and fashion should be secondary.

The German Opera has bravely met and conquered the obstacles that rose up to dispute its passage at the outset, such as the ignorance and prejudice of an Italianized public taste, distrust of novelty, scepticism with regard to German voices, lack of the prestige of fashion, and so forth. It has now to meet a foe more dangerous; it has now to bear the harder trial of prosperity. Prosperity demoralizes many good things in this country. Theatres of Art, places of amusement, hotels, restaurants, clubs, even political parties, begin with earning a good name by doing the good thing; after a while, alas! we see them trading on the good name, while getting more and more careless of the good thing. Success itself is the highest trump card, in the eyes of the unbelieving speculator; this he finds to be the best advertisement; and not what is best, but what will advertise best, he counts as his most solid capital. Is he a dealer in Art, say in Opera? he not only covers the city walls with flaming posters; he turns Art itself into mere advertisement, selects such pieces as may best serve the purpose of advertisement, pieces whose announcement is the surest advertisement of a crowd,—the crowd being the main thing, the Art coolly dismissed as a once useful servant now no longer so much needed. It is this "business element" which has first helped to build up and has then demoralized many a noble enterprise of Art.

Now when the German Opera came to us last Spring, it took high ground and made its appeal to the serious artistic feeling and conscience of the real music-lovers, thereby building up its reputation. If it should now, this prestige won, proceed to act as if quite content with this endorsement once for all, straightway forgetting the endorsers, but making its appeal in their name to those who follow crowds and fashion and have no knowledge and no consciences in Art, it would be only yielding to that temptation of prosperity, which so few have been able to resist. If the programmes grow commonplace and "popular" instead of intrinsically and artistically fine; if the cheaper success of hacknied things is weighed against the cost and difficulty of bringing out the best things possible; if there is careless preparation, hum-drum running through with operas by way of doing as much business as can be crowded into a week, and reaping the largest, quickest harvest with the smallest outlay, then the enterprise has lost its soul, becomes suspect and infidel with its first earnest friends, and is really on the downward way, morally bankrupt, although it may have still a considerable harvest to reap from the first planting.

Such fears began to suggest themselves to not a few, after the first two performances this week, from several symptoms both of management and of performances; the earlier they find expression, the likelier to be dissipated. Those symptoms were carelessness in execution, of the orchestra especially; a lack of that life and spirit with

which the same things were given before; substitution of inferior artists in leading roles, while the rightful owners thereof were held in reserve; the beginning with the easiest instead of with the best, &c. Nor should we pass over the fact, that to some extent the wrong end of the repertoire (for real lovers of German art at least) has been put foremost. *Martha* is trivial and hacknied, and even *Faust* grows dull, in comparison with those masterworks of German opera, which none of us have heard half enough, many of them not at all. *Fidelio*, which made the greatest impression of any work on its single presentation last Spring, would have been the very name to charm by at the outset, and would have been fresher at the end of a whole week's run, than all the kaleidoscopic promise that we had. Then consider: Out of six performances (and five operas) this week, only one, the *Freyschütz*, is strictly a German product written for the German stage; *Faust* and the "Jewess" are by French composers; *Robert* was written for the Grand Operas while *Martha* is more French than German in it, spirit. Not that these are not good things, all, and such as ought to take their turn; but more important and more German things have been too long waiting—that is all.

But now, having hinted our fears, we may tell what has since happened to relieve us of them in a considerable measure. The third night was altogether better. *Robert le Diable*, although written for the French, is the most German, the most genial and the best of Meyerbeer's operas. It has his freshest, finest inspirations in it. The music, from beginning to end, nearly all of it, interests and charms us, and does not stale. The music of the part of Alice is truly exquisite, genuine flowers of melody, and the whole role is one of the most beautiful in any opera. Mme. ROTTER, whose petite person and plain face did not suit the dramatic requirements of the Lady in *Martha*, was admirable here. Her true soprano voice, though slightly veiled, has that real German heart sweetness which wins its way to your heart, sweeter still as it keeps on. She sings with real feeling, never overwrought, and her execution is artistic to a degree not very often exceeded. Her dramatic conceptions and rendering are life-like and consistent.

FORMES was all himself, in grand presence, voice, strong passion and intellectual magnetism in his great part of Bertram. Surely we never heard him sing better, while dramatically the thing was perfect. HIMMER, noble in his tenor voice and noble in personal bearing, always dignified and graceful—always the chaste, artistic, telling singer, made the best Robert we have known here. The concerted pieces by these three went to a charm; and that most difficult trio, unaccompanied, at the end of the second act, had to be repeated. Mme. JOHANNSEN, true artist with fine lyrical instinct, sang the florid and arduous music of the Princess with rare feeling, finish and effect. She acts well in everything. Then who could be better for the light and pretty tenor part of Raimbault than Herr HABELMANN, who acted it all truly, and sang his ballad in the first act, and his part of the comical duet in which the devil fools him, in his most charming voice and manner. Add to this, that the chorus, male and female, made a rich, clear, fresh ensemble of tone, always true to the mark, and that Anschütz and his large orchestra rendered the rich instrumentation with great care and spirit, and it will be seen that *Robert*, always more than half a failure heretofore in Boston, was this time fairly ren-

dered and made known to an enthusiastic audience. Indeed all seemed to do their best, and this was the first great success of the week. The only drawback was in the awkward machinery of the resurrection of the Nuns scene,—indeed the almost absence of scene—which was refreshingly queer in spite of some good dancing.

Thursday night brought still new assurance in the fine opera *Der Freyschütz*, with the one weak part as it was given before, that of Caspar, grandly supplied by FORMES! This change would hardly have been made, but that some of the "fears" above alluded to grew general and found their way to the ears of the management. It looks as if it would all go right now. We must go to press before hearing the *Freyschütz*. Three nights in succession has that great conservative, the Devil, figured in the Opera; first as Mephistopheles, then as Bertram, then as Zamiel; let honesty take courage from the way in which all three are thwarted, and never be afraid to face the Copperheads!

To glance back at the first two nights: *Martha* passed off with less life than before. All were disappointed not to have FORMES in his old part of Plunkett; Herr STEINECKE sings and acts faithfully, but the quality of his baritone is not very clear. HABELMANN was a good Lionel, but hardly the equal of Himmer in that part. FREDERICI is the most charming of Nancies; but we fear lest the rich reedy vibration of her delicate and pure voice may become impaired by singing in so low a register. Mme. ROTTER won upon us steadily by sterling qualities, but for reasons above noted we would have still preferred JOHANNSEN. There were careless slips in the orchestra, and at every fortissimo climax the dreadful bellow of a huge brass instrument in the corner banished all thought but of itself. The unruly monster has since been subdued, we are happy to say.

Faust impresses us less and less as a great musical composition in the best sense. We do get weary of a very large part of the music. But we do not care just now to obtrude our minority report. The performance suffered incalculably by the putting of the Italian tenor TAMARO in the part of Faust, instead of HIMMER as before. We not only missed his dignity of person, his nobility of voice and singing, but we felt that FREDERICI's almost perfect rendering of Gretchen, as she used to sing the love scenes with her husband, was now rendered impossible. And yet her Gretchen was still very beautiful. Nor is Sig. TAMARO without merit as a singer. HERMANN was great as usual in Mephistopheles; only the grotesqueness of it this time was occasionally overdone. That prolonging of the trill on a deep note to a length as painful as extraordinary was simply absurd; a mill wheel can keep on still longer, but who finds music in it?

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., OCT. 9. At last we have had an Opera—a *bona fide* Opera—not such an one as has been over and over advertised heretofore as having a "full and efficient chorus and orchestra"—said chorus, in reality, consisting of from three to six persons, and said "orchestra" made up of one or two violin boxes, a piano-forte stool, a violin and piano, a French horn with no mouth-piece, and a double bass fiddle,—but an opera, with an orchestra of twenty-seven different instruments, with a trained chorus of about forty—playing and singing just as they do in New York and Boston. Didn't it seem good,—after having been humbugged so many times,—to see even the twenty-seven chairs placed ready for the orchestra—(who knew but that there were more chairs after all than performers)—No! every seat was occupied, and ANSCHÜTZ came in at precisely 8 o'clock and immediately gave his signal for the introduction to "Faust." What original and beautiful harmonies, by the way, those are! Sig. TAMARO sang the part of "Faust," and with great acceptance, although we were disappointed in not hearing Herr HIMMER.

HERMANN was great, as he always is, and FREDERICI won hosts of friends by her refined, natural, totally unaffected rendering of Marguerite. How delicious her voice is through its whole compass! Allyn Hall was filled—with prices at \$2.00 and \$1.50—and the enthusiasm was equally high.

Mr. GROVER had the honor of giving us the first complete Opera since the city was founded. It was the best entertainment ever produced in Hartford.

Miss KELLOGG, the prima donna, has sung here within the last three weeks, with her usual success. Madame VARIAN, E. HOFFMANN, MOLLENHAUW, (Violoncellist,) and J. R. THOMAS, gave a concert here last week to a full house.

NEW YORK, OCT. 11.—The German Opera season closed with one of the noblest productions of musical dramatic art—*Don Giovanni*. The Italian commenced with one of the flattest manufactures of the modern opera mill—*Il Trovatore*. We regretted to part with the German company, spite of its many deficiencies. We could not join in the cry, "*le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" MARETZEK has this time made use of a new policy, with which to tickle the palate of the amusement seeking public. Mystery was the order of the day; the public was almost persuaded into the belief that it had a judgment; and the press, which formerly trumpeted forth in intoxicating tones the glories of what was as yet unheard by us poor mortals, this time withheld all preliminary praise and puffery and merely indicated the coming performances. But the initiated, with solemn and knowing faces, whispered here and there of Marezek's new singers—admirable!—no better ever heard! &c. The first week is over, awakening no enthusiasm. The present company is far behind that of last year. In my next letter its members shall defile before you.

Mr. GROVER, in the short time he remained here, perhaps spoiled us a little. There was a freshness, a life about the whole company, that exhilarated. Now, we find the old "shent-per-shent" physiognomies leavening the mass of the concern; stale operas, phlegmatically led by Marezek's baton, in the stereotyped humdrum way; in short, the Art impulse is wanting, and in spite of business, it is impossible for an opera management to ignore Art and yet succeed. New works are promised; let us hope that they will not long be withheld.

One fact is now undeniable, the day of exclusively Italian Opera is gone by here. The American will have progress,—every year increases his experience in Art—and although he still likes to boast occasionally that he is a self-taught man, the conviction gains upon him with every fresh insight, that he can only find the how and the why, knowledge and model, in the works of great masters of all countries—especially in those who grounded and immortalized the German school,—Handel, Bach, Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c. This onward striving of our studious youth must necessarily spread more or less through the whole people; we shall at last hear no more of exclusive Italian or German opera management; but the union of all forces in to-day this, and to-morrow that school, will lead the nation to the knowledge and enjoyment of the chef-d'œuvres of every school. This is the future of opera management here, and from it, all that is narrow-minded and nativistic must step into the back-ground, as contrary to the very being of the spirit of art, which is essentially cosmopolitan.

The first Philharmonic public rehearsal took place on Saturday afternoon. We had Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, Liszt's *Preludes*, and Weber's *Oberon* Overture. Here is the programme for the season:

SYMPHONIES: Beethoven's *Eroica*; Mendelssohn's "Scottish"; Schumann's No. 1, in B flat; Liszt's "Faust Symphony."

OVERTURES: Gluck's *Iphigenia*; Mozart's *Magic Flute*; Beethoven's *Egmont*; Weber's *Oberon*; Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Schumann's *Manfred*; Gade's *Hamlet*; Berlioz's *King Lear*; Liszt's *Les Preludes*; Bargiel's *Medea*.

WITH CHORUS (German Liederkrantz): Beethoven's Choral Symphony; *Credo* from Liszt's *Graner Mass*; "Fratres ergo," by Palestrina; Mendelssohn's *Der Menschheit Würde*; Schubert's "Mondschein-Ständchen."

LANCELOT.

NEW YORK, OCT. 10. To take up my pen to write again to "Dwight's," seems like sitting down to hob-nob with some trusty old friend—a pleasant chat with some kindred spirit. And yet in these days of civil and political discord and dissension, with the air resonant with the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery, it seems strange, almost heartless, to write of so harmonious, and yet inharmonious, a thing as music. In fact, one would naturally expect from "our correspondent" details of some sanguinary conflict, with the record of its fearful scenes, its terrible surroundings. It is well that it is not so; that there can be words written and read, that do not bear the tinge of human blood, that do not carry sorrow and sadness into many hearts. It is well that we can still write of peaceful sounds and scenes, unmixed with aught to chill or terrify. Let us hope that ere long the voice of the whole nation may be raised in the old choral "Nun danket alle Gott" (Now let us all praise God), as on the blood-stained field of Leuthen, in thanksgiving to the great God of battles, who has led us on to that crowning Victory that bringeth Peace!

There will be music in many a heart now torn and sad; there will be "Glorias," and "Jubilates," and "Te Deums" over all the land; there will be one grand "Hallelujah Chorus," that will rise in one mighty sound, and in its majesty make thrones tremble, in its solemnity chant the requiem of departed heroes, in its beauty soothe the grief of the sorrowing, in its distant but never dying echoes, sing the pæans of the nation, "Glory to God on high, and on earth Peace, good will to men!"

The Italian Opera season has commenced under auspicious circumstances. The short and successful season of German Opera, was a presage of the like success of the Maretzek company. The public mind seems to be in just that state that requires the brilliancy and gaiety of some place of amusement, and the Opera has come just in time. The audience that welcomed Maretzek, as he ascended the Conductor's chair on Monday night last, was of more than wonted brilliancy and magnificence. The display of rich toilets, laces, diamonds, silks, would rather dispute the idea that we were engaged in a terrible war, with sorrow and suffering on every side. Never did there seem a more joyful, happy set of faces, never a more cheerful sound of voices, never a more rich and elegantly attired audience, than was present on that opening night, to hear "Il Trovatore," with CAROZZI-ZUCCHI, and MASSIMILIANI, the new soprano and tenor. The natural timidity and fright of a "first appearance" was evident at the first notes of both these artists, but ere the opera concluded, this gave way before the hearty, assuring applause of the audience, and they made a most favorable impression.

The programme of the week has been "Trovatore," "Traviata" with BRAMBILLA, MASSIMILIANI, and SUSINI; "Lucrezia Borgia," with CAROZZI-ZUCCHI, MORENISI, LOTTI, and SUSINI; and "Lucia" with Miss HARRIS, &c.

The success of the artists has been in a measure marred by severe colds and hoarseness, which it is to be hoped will not prove chronic, as is so often the case. Max to-day publishes a good humored letter in regard to this matter, and his vivid portrayal of the trials and annoyances of an operatic manager is

truthful and convincing. This cause, it is to be hoped, will soon be removed, and never more disappoint both manager and public.

This week we are to hear "Trovatore," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Faust," and "Lucrezia Borgia" at the Brooklyn Academy.

The revivals of the "Huguenots," and "Prophete," and also the new works of Gounod, promised, will soon be realized. Without a detailed criticism, it is safe to say, that Maretzek has as strong a company as that of last season with Medori and Mazzoleni. The slender little Massimiliani would look small alongside of Mazzoleni, but he stands comparison well. An eminent New York critic has pronounced him "one and a half Mazzoleni," but, of course, there are very many different views and tastes.

The familiar faces and voices of Lotti, Morensi—both greatly improved—Bellini, Susini and Weislich, are not unwelcome; and Max Maretzek's presence in the orchestra is a sufficient guarantee that that branch of the service will not be neglected.

Our vivacious, "slap-dash," indomitable friend, C. JEROME HOPKINS ("Timothy Trill") has made his introductory bow to us in the following shape:—

NEW YORK, September 20, 1864.

MR. C. JEROME HOPKINS, (Cooper Union.) Dear Sir:—Believing that the art of Music is progressive, and that American composers are destined in time to occupy as high positions as our painters, poets and sculptors now do, we hereby invite you to produce some of your orchestral and piano works in our city, as from the pen of one whose past and present labors to popularize High Art command the honorable esteem of fellow artists and the high consideration of Yours, very truly,

(Signed by sundry eminent personages, some however of dubitable musical proclivities). And

DEAR SIR OR MADAM:—

You are politely requested to accept the enclosed Complimentary Ticket to Mr. Hopkins' first Concert in New York for nearly four years. The accompanying letter of invitation, signed by a long list of our most prominent citizens in business, letters and in society, show how high a degree of respect is entertained by them for the talents of this young American Composer and Pianist, whose works already number several hundreds. In nearly every style of this difficult Art, and whose philanthropic efforts in the design and carrying out of the "Orphan Free Chorister School of Brooklyn," have gained for their originator so enviable a reputation. This Concert will be the first ever given (with orchestra) in America, consisting mainly of the works of one Composer, and he a self-taught American who has never enjoyed the benefits even of observation which a tour of foreign travel affords.

I commend this method to all who propose following in Mr. Hopkins' footsteps. It may not insure success, but it certainly has the merit of novelty. Mr. Hopkins, in a most refreshing manner, announces that on this occasion "he will enjoy the valuable assistance of the following able talent:—Mrs. J. H. BARCLAY, contralto; Mr. ERNEST PERRING, tenor; Mr. E. TRASTUM, pianist; Mr. A. DAVIS, pianist and accompanist, and a full orchestra from the Philharmonic Society." It is to be hoped that the audience will enjoy this "able talent" as much as Mr. Hopkins predicates for himself.

The following will be my concluding extract:

Mr. Hopkins will have the honor of producing on this occasion, as entire novelties, the following selection from his works: "Two Movements from his Sinfonia 'Life';" "The Orchestral Dirge No. 4;" "A Wedding March for Grand Orchestra;" "The famous Prayer from 'Otello,' arranged for one hand alone as a piano solo;" "Liszt's celebrated 'Stor m March,' arranged for three of the Driggs Patent Violin Pianos, with two sounding-boards."

Besides several Songs with Orchestral Accompaniment.

All this on Tuesday evening, Oct. 11, at Irving Hall.

I had the pleasure a few days ago, of listening to Wm. A. KING's performance on Erben's new organ, built for the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Memphis, Tenn. I think you have already had a detailed description of the organ. It is one of Erben's most successful efforts, and it seems almost a matter of regret that it should be taken from our city. The exhibition, usual upon the completion of a new organ, in this case has been in a great measure a private one.

Mr. King's performance included the overture to "Semiramide" and "William Tell" and his own "Wedding March," and organ arrangement of "Home Sweet Home." The exhibition was in every degree satisfactory, but made us long for the time to come when we may sit down to a regular "Organ Concert," such as you only have in your Music Hall, under the inspiring shade of "the great organ."

T. W. M.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The soldier sleepeth, he is not dead! L. Heath. 30

This song ought to be good, for the great Oasian E. Dodge says that it was composed expressly for his concerts, and that he paid the author therefor the "sum of fifty dollars." It is a very pretty and affecting ballad.

Evening is sweet. (Chanson de Magali.) Song or Duet. "Mireille." 40

One of the best, and some would call it the prettiest piece in the opera. It is a kind of musical play, contained in the responsive song or duet sung by Vincent and Mireille. The poem includes a number of beautiful thoughts. The piece may be sung by one voice, as the two voices are not employed at the same time.

The Soldier to his Mother. Ballad. B. Covert. 30

It differs from most of the recent soldier songs, in the fact that the hero is neither sick, nor wounded, nor dying. It is written by a gentleman in the army, and is very beautiful.

At your feet, behold! I remain. (A vos pieds, hélas, me voilà.) "Mireille." 30

Mournful and affecting. The petition of Mireille to her father.

Instrumental Music.

Chœur des Moissonneurs, de l'opera. "Mireille." W. Krüger. 40

This "Chorus of Harvesters," is at once very original and very brilliant. Those who try it will not find it like any other piece. It is, at the same time, not difficult, containing small notes in the harder parts, which can be left out at pleasure.

Souvenirs de l'opera "Mireille." H. Rosellen. 60

Contains four of the principal airs of the opera, skillfully combined and varied.

Gems from "Mireille." J. C. Johnson. 50

Contains six of the most brilliant pieces of the opera. La Farandole, Magali, Song of Taven, Savoyard air, Leaf-gatherer's chorus, and Harvest chorus, arranged in the simplest manner. The modulations between the airs are short, and all is made as easy as possible.

Marche funebre. Piano and Violin. J. Eichberg. 35

Another of Mr. Eichberg's excellent series.

Six morceaux for Cabinet Organ. L. H. Southard.

No. 3. Penitence. 35

" 4. In Memoriam. 35

The preceding numbers have already been announced. These are somewhat different in character.

Books.

THE CHORUS WREATH; a collection of Sacred and Secular Choruses, selected from the best Oratorios, Operas, and Glee Books. For Musical Conventions, Societies, Singing schools and the Home circle.

The first half of this book contains a most careful selection of Oratorio music. The second half contains an equally careful selection of Glee and Opera choruses. It is sufficient praise to this collection of glees to say, that they are fully equal to those in the Boston Glee Book. While they are by the best English composers, a number of them have been known to but a very few of our singers. "Old May Morning," "See the Chariot at hand," and others, cannot fail to be favorites.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

